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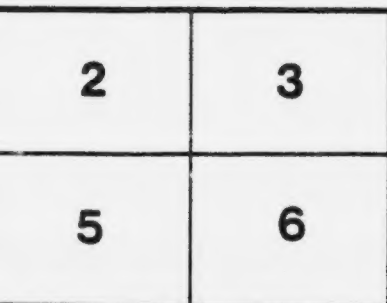
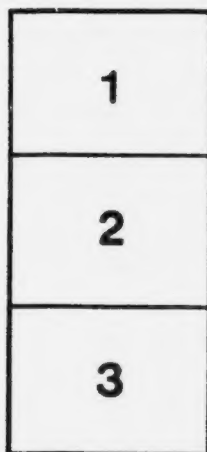
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410 Poème can. N° 4

1608

Quebec Tercentenary

1908



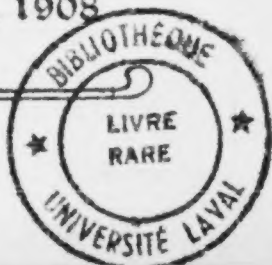
A Poem by

James Porter



Victoria, B. C.

November 9th, 1908



Quebec

Queen of the west upon thy rocky throne
In solitary grandeur sternly placed;
In awful majesty thou sit'st alone—

By Nature's master-hand supremely blest,
The world has not thy counterpart, thy dower,
Eternal beauty, strength and matchless power.

The clouds infold thee in their misty vest,
The lightning glances harmless round thy
brow,

The low-voiced thunder cannot shake thy nest,
Or warning waves that idly chafe below.
The storm above, the waters at thy feet,
May rage and foam—they but secure thy seat.

The mighty river, as it onward rushes,
To pour its flood in ocean's dread abyss,
Checks at thy feet its fierce, impetuous gushes,
And gently bends thy rocky base to kiss.
Stern eagle of the crag, thy hold should be
The mountain-home of heaven-born liberty,

True to themselves, thy children may defy
The power and malice of the world combined;
While Britain's flag beneath thy deep blue sky
Spreads its rich folds, and wantons to the
wind,
The offspring of her glorious race of old,
May rest securely in their mountain hold.

—*Susanna Moodie (written in 1848)*

E'en now thou conquerest though dead
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

—*Goldsmith's lines on Wolfe.*

That life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.
Brave let us fall, or honored if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

—*Wolfe's favorite quotation from Pope.*

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P846
1908

Quebec Tercentenary

What joy comes to us from dear, old Quebec!
Emotion's spirit, which no thought would check,
Three hundred years the world has seemed to
move,
And now has been unveiled this feast of love.

The mists that o'er thee hung three centuries ago
Have disappeared, as does in Spring the snow,
And Champlain is remembered, not with grief,
But love and hope stand out in bold relief.

We trace God's finger pointing out the way,
As He of old to Israel did say:
Go in possess the land! and I will bless,
God's promise carries with it nothing less.

God's work is not mechanical, nor blind,
But vital, as in flower and human kind;
He breathes the spirit of a nobler life,
And binding bigotry ends its ruthless strife.

The inbreathed life of God environment to un-
fold,
A place has found not known in days of old,
And history assures that He had in mind
In this new world, the well-being of mankind.

"Even in the wilderness opens God a way:"
To those who follow, He is cloud by day,
Who fail to catch prophetic spirit, will
Be doomed to walk in doubt and darkness still.

Who is that child born in the west, whose name
Borne on the breeze, fills hearts with glad ac-
claim,
Whose way to highest destiny pursues
By noble aspirations, harmony of views?

Loved Canada! that favored child thou art,
Thy prospects please, thy welfare cheers the
heart,
Thy strength is in what some seem to despise,
Thy greatest greatness in what dormant lies.

Thy rivers, lakes and mountains all unfold
Beauty beyond what can be rightly told;
Thy plains and valleys, rocks and hills combine
To make a land 'round which our hearts entwine,

Year Sixteen twenty The Pilgrim Fathers came,
Of Mayflower memory and enduring fame,
Champlain from France returned with lovely
 bride,
The object of his heart, his joy and pride.

Her beauty and her charming manners brought
The Algonquin girls to follow, and be taught
The gentle ways that civilize and bless;
Her four years stay was thus a marked success.

It seems Champlain when he did courting go,
Was not aware Helene was Huguenot,
And after marriage conversion was begun
With such success that she became a nun.

O, Huguenots! of France the pride and shame,
How much you suffered because of faith and
 name!
We backward look with grief where terror
 reigned,
But Hope, at last triumphant, peace regained.

Helene was not the first of women fair to come
From loved France to make Quebec their home,
For Madame Herbert three whole years before
With lovely daughters settled on this shore.

To marry first in Canada was Anne
The elder, to young, honest trader man;
The second daughter still held in high regard,
A few years later wed Monsieur Couillard.

With thrift and hospitality combined
She practiced arts that win and help mankind,
Her name an incense bears to us to-day
As sweet as rose and fresh as new mown hay.

Her palisaded cottage oft was lent,
A resting place for those whose strength was
spent,
And those who fled in dread of Iroquois,
And the returning coureurs des bois.

Blest are such homes! bright spots on memory's
page!
Dispensing joy to youth and cheer to age,
May her recorded acts to deeds inspire,
Prompt those who hear to have a like desire.

Those heights of Levis sound a clarion blast
Telling of noble dreams and valiant deeds long
past,
Heroic age when men on high ideals bent,
Just gave themselves and little else was spent.

Intrepid master of war's art, Montcalm,
Our love for thee in memory we embalm;
You fought a gallant but a losing cause,
And honor's voice accords thee her applause.

Wolfe, dauntless spirit, leader of your time!
What you accomplished now appears sublime,
No honor can we pay than memory save,
And place a wreath of love upon thy grave.

On high vantage of sacred acts we stand
And view the contests past on sea and land,
May their heroic spirit help us to maintain
The heritage regained on Abraham Plain.

Welcome! Jaureguiberry, representing France,
Your men and ships did much her fame enhance,
You gave a setting to the whole affair,
'Twas a delight to have you a la militaire.

Welcome! Vice President of United States,
Fairbanks our expectation compensates;
Star Spangled Banner, and your warships too,
Adding to the picture came the boys in blue.

Welcome! Prince of Wales, from beyond the seas,
And ships of war with flags flung to the breeze;
All manned by men with loyal hearts and brave,
Whose home is on the deep, who love the wave.

Welcome! Lord Roberts, hero of Kandahar!
Your name is known to all both near and far,
None came to us that we more wished to see,
Thou man of deeds! thou man of destiny!

You gave a finish to the grand review
Which incomplete had been, omitting you;
The battles, sieges, fortunes you have passed
Come to our minds, and will in history last.

A splendid galaxy of men was there,
And each one took his part, and did his share
To make the greatest pageant of our time
A dream of beauty, of a theme sublime.

Octogenarian across Atlantic came,
Strathcona's face we like, and love his name,
Philanthropist and millionaire, in mind
As rich as money, and with grace as kind.

An honored name, a soldier through and through,
We would not pass, and that is Pole Carew;
A daring fellow who has action seen,
And clasps and medals has from King and Queen.

Most popular of governors. Earl Grey,
To celebrate successfully paved the way;
Easy yet dignified well you played your part,
Kindly and genial in a way that touched the heart.

You represent the King who lives and reigns
In hearts of subjects, and his son sustains
The dignity of office, having in his veins
Like blood to him who won us Abraham Plains.

Sir Wilfrid, matchless Premier, was there,
Of earnest, kindly face and manners rare;
No abler statesman does the Empire hold,
He right maintains and is not lured by gold.

Poetic Turgeon, than whom no one knows
How better to put poetry in prose,
Your loyal speech, so splendidly expressed
Makes us love more our land so greatly blessed.

It is recorded that Monseigneur Plessis
A sermon preached, for what then and still blesses;
When Nelson at the Nile great victory won,
And then did say, as we say now—Well done!

When peace and joy are in such sweet accord
'Tis meet some thankful heart should praise the
Lord,

And what more fitting than that one should be
Of Huguenot descent and pedigree.

Graceful in speech, Moderator DuVal
A sermon preached not far from famed Laval;
'Twas thoughtful, earnest, eloquent and kind,
Contained the knowledge of a master mind.

The thankful spirit in him burned, and he
Felt joyed that God enabled him to be
The one these words should utter, for in his
breast

Mingles the blood supremacy did contest.

But time would fail us to recount you all
Who gladly gave response at duty's call,
May in your hearts and minds such pleasure live,
That each will feel how blessed 'tis to give.

May this great gathering prove to be the seal
Of that security, which is our highest weal!
May Providence Divine our guide be still,
That we may know and seek to do

James Porter
Victoria, B. C.

